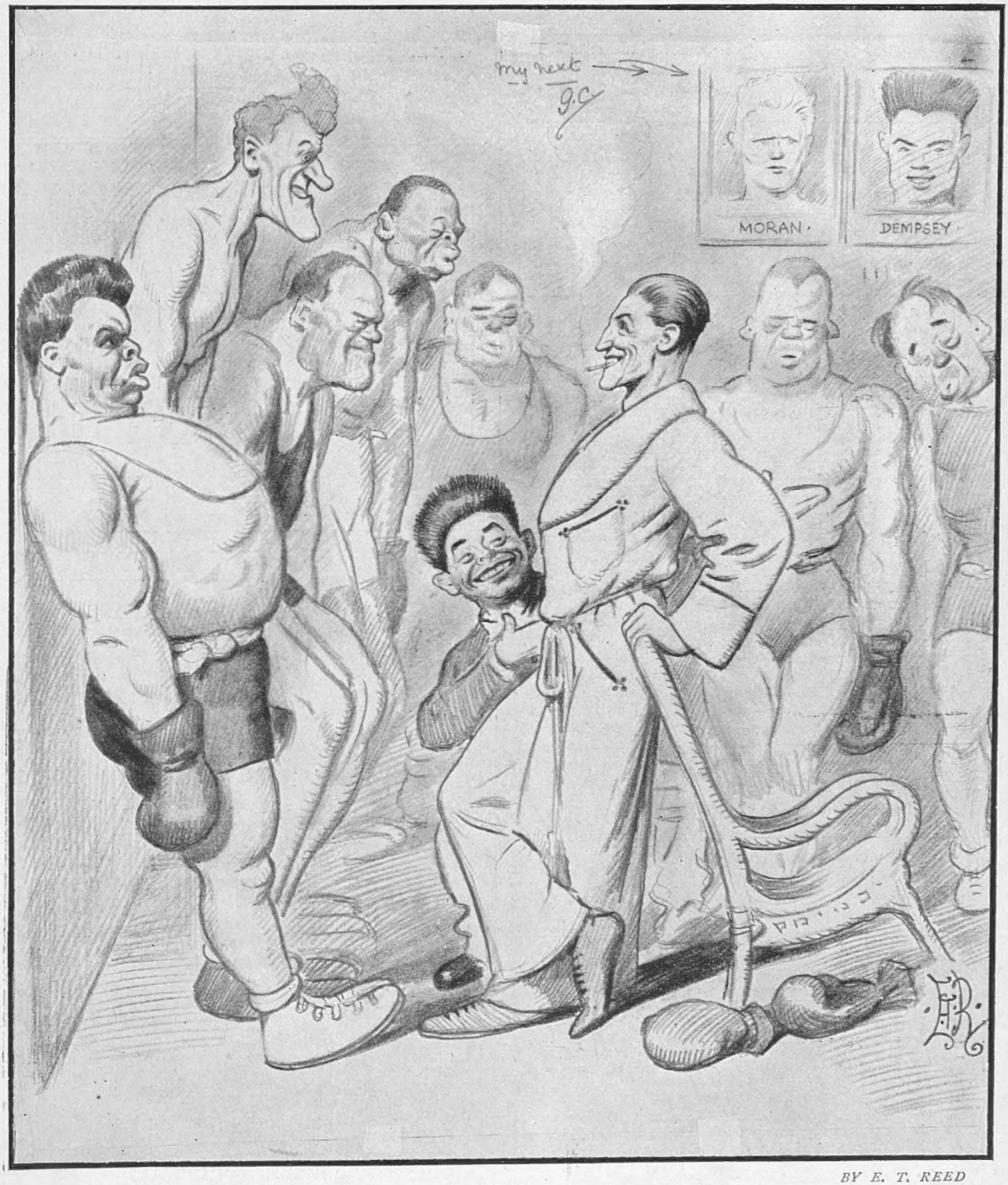
The Bystander, December 22, 1920. No. 890. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER



BY E. T. REED

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(M. DESCAMPS (his "Fidus Achates"): "Zere ees plenty of room, Georges, overre he-re for zis Américain, zis what-you-call Demp-sey!—and ze 'Mary Ann' you can put in ze glass-case in ze entresol")

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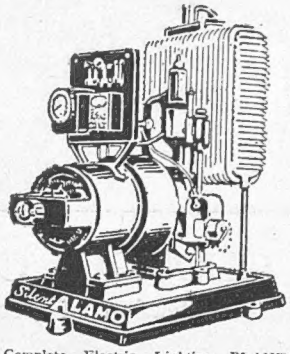

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Giving and Receiving

By this time, I suppose, we have all bought our Christmas presents. Some we have already given and some received—and into what strange categories they may be divided! Fortunate, indeed, are those whose presents, given and received, are entirely the expression of affection. Only the very young, I fancy, could boast of such gifts as this. Of the rest of us, few probably do not give or receive a certain number that are prompted by lower motives. Some of these are fairly respectable. Those that are matters merely of duty or custom, provided they be not grudgingly given or contemptuously received, may so be called. Nor is there much harm, perhaps, in the present given merely because one has been received. These exchanges are often mere civilities, or the result of a custom originated goodness knows how.

Blackmail and Cowardice

But how many of us can honestly say that at this time of the year we do not often give out of sheer, rank cowardice? You know that when some time back those hats began to be touched so civilly, and those insinuatingly genial greetings given to you here, there, and everywhere on your daily round, it was simply a warning that you would be "held up" round about December 25. You may have thought at first that this year you would not submit to this piracy. But by now you have probably succumbed, or are on the point of doing so. What is this but cowardice on your part—and mine; I confess to it—and blackmail on that of the recipient? This is very bad, blessing neither him who gives nor him who receives.

All is Bribery

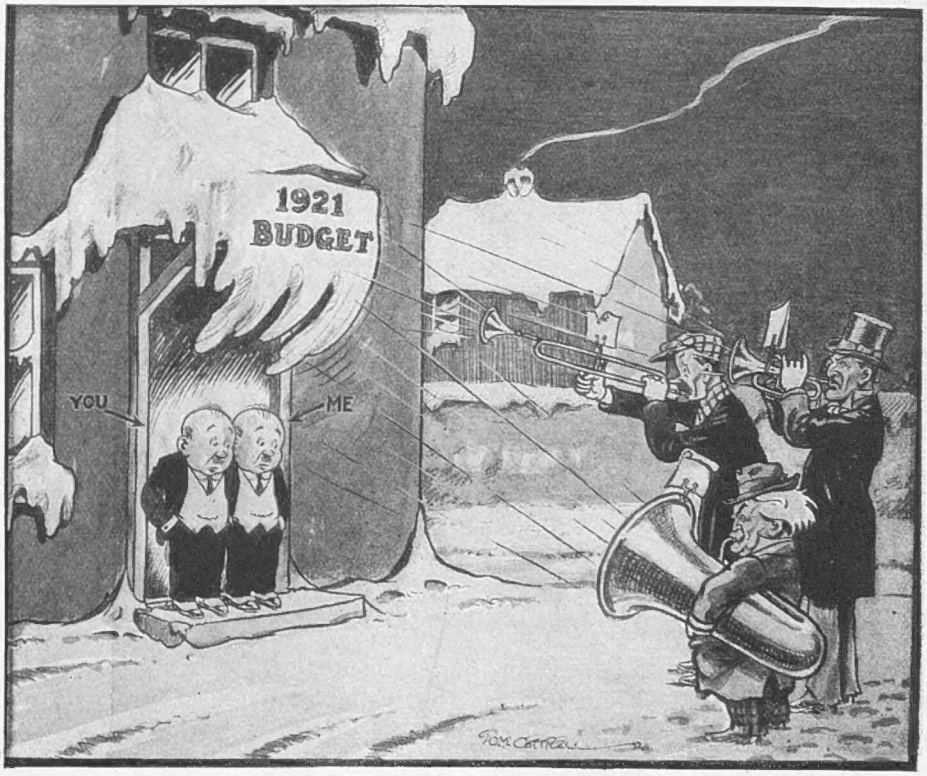
Then there are gifts of bribery and corruption. These we have with us all the year round. How many "tips" that are not due to cowardice are not in reality bribes? But at this time of year the gift of bribery may be, and often is, camouflaged under a disguise of Christmas generosity and thus administered where at other times it would be difficult or impossible. What is a Christmas present prompted purely by the hope of getting some favour, or of strengthening certain "expectations," but a bribe? Something given to the waits to go further off may almost claim to be a legitimate commercial transaction.

The Gift of Vanity

Even in a brief consideration of these unworthy gifts, which does not pretend to be anything like complete, we cannot omit the vain or ostentatious gift. This sort flourishes exceedingly in printed subscription lists, and is not, of course, confined to Christmastime. But there are special Christmas subscription lists, such as those hung up in clubs, those at the church, or those that go from house to house in books that have a tendency towards griminess and "dog's ears," that often probe the weak spot in our vanity, and, so far as we are concerned, spoil the moral value of half-a-guinea or a guinea by making us add thereto an unwilling ten-and-six or twenty-one shillings. But in these cases the evil is often mitigated by a good cause benefiting from an unworthy motive.

Long Live the Christmas Present!

In spite of all this, however, and a good deal more of the same kind that might be said, the Christmas present is a great and good institution. Long may it wave!



"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay"

By Tom Cottrell

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Sir Eric on the Underground

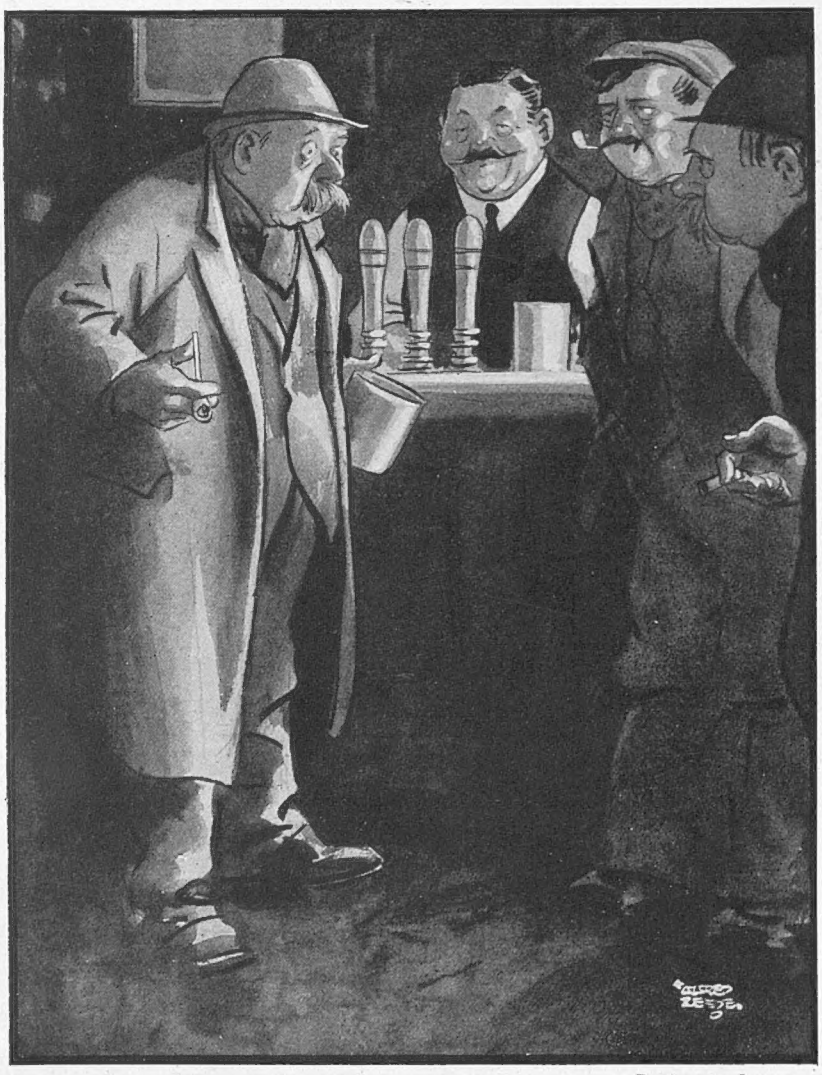
I WISH I could join in the enthusiastic chorus of admiration that Sir Eric Geddes caused by promising to take a trip on the Underground some day or other. I understand that it is to be the first really great event of 1921. After all, Sir Eric is Minister of Transport, and I never heard that the job was intended to be a sinecure. So why shouldn't he go and have a look at the things he is supposed to regulate and reform? If the managers of great private enterprises never looked up their various departments and had no personal knowledge of them, the Bankruptcy Court would be even busier than it is.

Objections to "Ladies of Title"

THE Actors' Association protests against a "lady of title" accepting an engagement to act for the films. It points out that there is a great deal of unemployment in the profession, and complains that "titled folk," by taking these engagements keep still more actors and actresses out of jobs. This is, of course, in itself a sad thing. But I think too much stress is laid on the "title." I know nothing of this particular "titled lady's" financial status, but the mere fact that anyone has a title does not necessarily imply that he or she has no need to earn money. One hears of "titled folk" very frequently these days going into all sorts of businesses. And then, how about the "titled folk" on the stage or in the theatrical business? Of all those that occur to me at the moment none is conspicuously poverty-stricken. Many, indeed, are quite rich. Should they be made to leave the stage or management to make room for the poor or poorer?

The Empty Chair

THERE is something terribly grim for the peoples of Britain and France in Mr. H. C. Hoover's suggestion for a Christmas Day charity. Mr. Hoover, who has done such magnificent work for a suffering world ever since August, 1914, suggests that at every family dinner-table on Christmas Day there should be one vacant chair, and that the cost of the dinner for its imaginary occupant should be sent to the fund for the feeding of Austrian children. The plight of these children, I know, is awful to think upon. But think of the millions of ghosts of the loved ones that would occupy those vacant chairs throughout France and the British Empire! Our empty chairs were too recently occupied for such symbolism to be possible.



POTHOUSE POLITICS By ALFRED LEETE

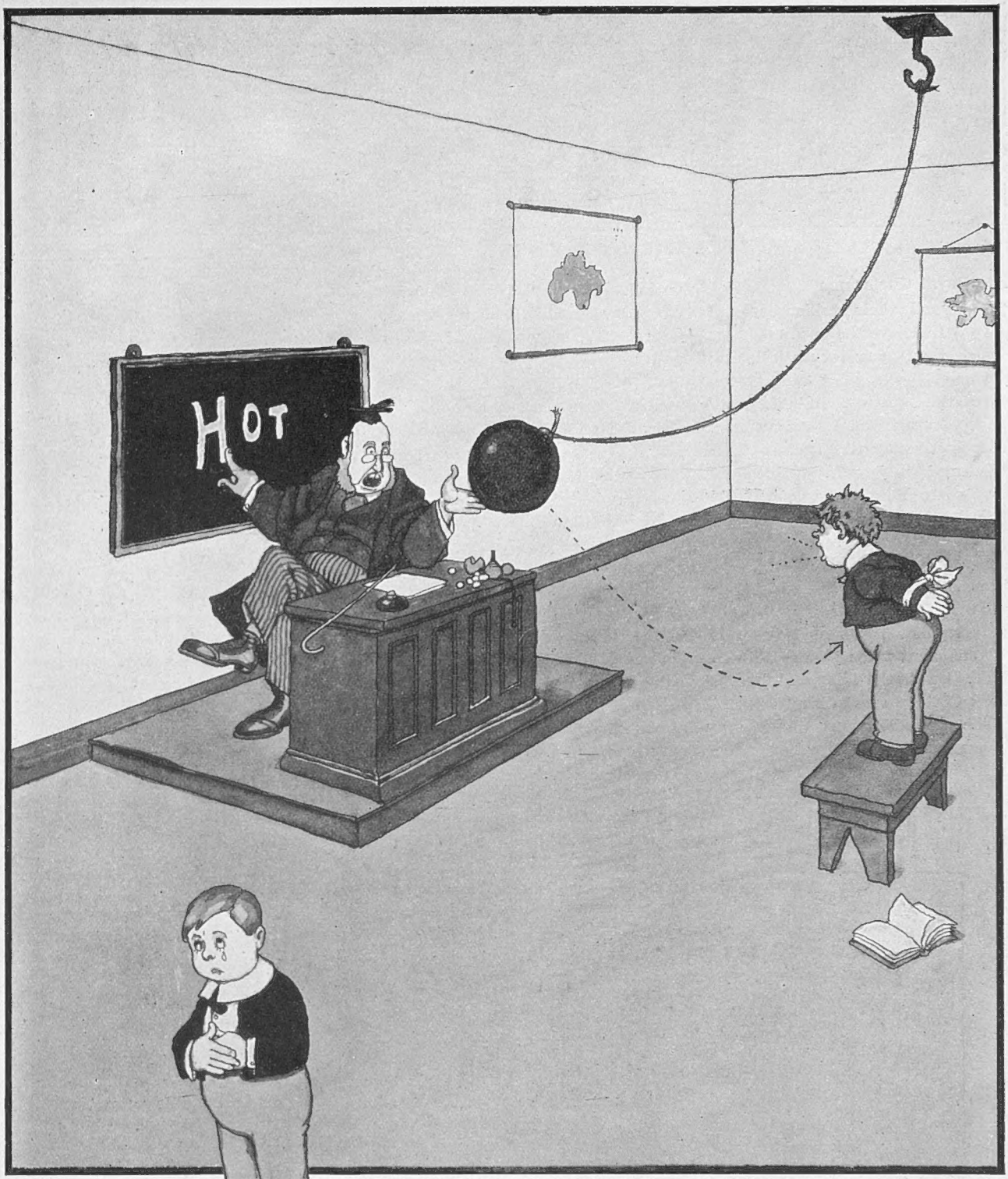
"An' wot abaht this 'ere Marshal Law; who is 'e? Probably some pore relation of Bony Law's wot 'as been pushed into a cushy job"

The Tale of a Brick and a Kick

IN wishing all good BYSTANDERS, and there surely are none others, a Merry Christmas, I have a particularly warm feeling in wishing one to Mr. Henry Littlefield, Woolwich Road, Charlton. Mr. Littlefield, a bricklayer by profession, wished to join the Bricklayers' Union, in order that he might practise his useful profession to his and our mutual advantage. But he had laid 750 bricks in 7½ hours. This scandalous assumption of the work of three bricklayers was fatal. The chairman of the local branch of the Union, he said, refused to look at his papers and kicked him. Mr. Littlefield "punched" him off, and was summoned for assault. The magistrate bound the Chairman over to keep the peace. But I am afraid that not even this will make it possible for a bricklayer to lay 700 bricks a day in a free country.

"Ma" Janis

WHEN Stanley Lupino brought Miss Elsie Janis's mother on to the stage at the *première* of *It's All Wrong* at the Queen's, he did the right thing, for Mrs. Janis has much to do with her daughter's success. I've never known any mother



BY HEATH ROBINSON

TEACHING A LAD TO ASPIRATE AN "H"

and daughter more devoted than the Janis's. On a first night, when she goes to a play, all her American friends address Mrs. Janis as "Ma"; and the revue-writers on more than one occasion have referred to her. Elsie, however, is not peculiar in this, for actresses, especially when they are young, are sometimes inseparable from their mothers, who are often the terror of managers.

Peter Panism

BARRIE'S evergreen classic—revived at the St. James's on Monday—has increasingly seemed to me a symbol of our age, rather than a mere nursery story. The trouble of the world arises from the fact that so many groups of people are not grown up. The Germans weren't; that was why they played with matches. The Irish aren't; hence the great difficulty of handling them; and the Russians never have been, hence their crying for the moon. Labour is not yet in its teens; while America and our Dominions are admittedly young and impatient. And there are individuals among us, some of them in great positions—no, I shall not answer that cry for "Name!"—who are, spiritually, boys.

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Christmas

Of all their residences—and I believe they possess fewer than any other reigning Sovereigns—the King and Queen have the greatest affection for York Cottage at Sandringham. There they will spend their Christmas this year. Whenever they go to York Cottage the suite is reduced to the smallest possible dimensions because of the lack of accommodation. Most of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting have to be put up in cottages or lodges on the Sandringham Estate, as there is not sufficient room in the Cottage itself. But to the King and Queen, York Cottage stands for "home."

The predilections of our Sovereigns for localities during the last century and a half have been varied. George III was devoted to Kew and Bushey Park; George IV, as Prince of Wales and Regent, spent a considerable part of the year at Brighton, which he made fashionable; as King he shut himself up at the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, and afterwards in the Castle when it had been "restored" by Wyattville. William IV was never so happy as when at Windsor. Queen Victoria cared only for Osborne and Balmoral. King Edward delighted to lose the cares of State in the duties of a country gentleman at Sandringham, a delight the King has inherited. It is the only instance for centuries in which one of our monarchs has followed what may be called the private taste of his predecessor.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

A charming snapshot of Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, the wife of Colonel Windham Wyndham-Quin, C.B., D.S.O., and sister of the Earl of Mayo. With her is her only daughter

Photograph *W. W. Kouch*

MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD

On the steps of Blenheim Palace, his father's, the Duke of Marlborough's seat at Woodstock, Oxford. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Heythrop Hunt at the Palace

The Prince of Wales still lacks a country home of his own. Nothing would be more popular than if his choice fell upon his principality of Wales or his duchy of Cornwall. Endsleigh, near Tavistock, was once mooted for the latter, but the house is little more than a *ferme ornée*, and impossibly small.

The Rest of the World

Here and there big houses will be filled for Christmas, but for the greater part the old order of things has passed away. Taxation, high food prices, and increased wages, indoors and out, have forced even well-to-do people to reduce their establishments, and you can't entertain in big houses without servants. At one house in Sussex where the Christmas party for years

before the War was never less than twenty, this year is six.

Besides the enforced reduction in expense in houses that still know their old owners, there are dozens that are closed or have been sold. "Stands England where she did?" She may, but the country-house doesn't. It is a disappearing factor, both in the lives of the countryside and those who pay visits.

The Misery of Splendour

A BIG country house without fires everywhere or central heating is an abode of misery, and those who can neither sell nor afford to go away are deeply to be pitied. Even if they tuck themselves away in two or three rooms, in most cases they are obliged to use the dining-room because it is near the kitchen. They have to choose between sitting in a big, chilly room to eat their food, or to eat it cold, because of its transport through long passages.

I know of more than one instance where owners of big country houses, badly hit by the War and all that has followed, have migrated to one of their own cottages in order that they might save themselves the wretchedness of shivering in big rooms that they can't heat properly. There are many silent tragedies going on just now in some of the "stately homes of England."

Photograph *F. L. Carter*

GENEVA ROMANCE

Lady Foster, who was recently married to Sir George Foster, head of the Canadian delegation to the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. She is the daughter of the late Sir William Allan, M.P.

Photograph *Alfieri*

A DECEMBER BRIDE

The Hon. Charles W. Sholto Douglas, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Morton, and Miss Alice Fox Pitt, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Fox Pitt, of Presaddfed, Anglesey, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, recently. The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving after the ceremony

On The Riviera

THE season is very much with us on the Riviera at present, and those "crimes of the rich," chief among them the spending of money, once so wonderfully described by Jean Lorain, are everywhere in evidence. The War has made us forget nothing so little as the *vie de luxe*, and on the Côte d'Azur pigs are certainly in clover, and, what's more, the new rich are not at all despised in a land where the *pourboire* is the measure of distinction. The new poor have their pathetic picturesqueness, but picturesqueness without power is like good food without wine. There's no doubt about it, this is to be the season of him who has the price—the hotel, not the villa nor the *château*, already dominates everything. Five hundred francs a day for a modest suite of rooms and limited bath water mark an epoch in discomfort and finance. The hotel that advertises as the most expensive in the world will this winter have

ON THE RIVIERA (concluded)

such queues waiting to patronise it that it will have to be run on the early door and twice nightly systems. It's a period which makes Margot's 'nineties and Jean Lorain's crimes of the rich look like 6½*d.* bazaars.

MARGOT'S Memoirs are still discussed here, not as scandalous, but as perhaps, all considered, the finest piece of *réticence* in the English language. There are things the French can't understand: they couldn't fathom why the second Mrs. Tanqueray wanted to be received by the County, and they can't grasp why Margot, after having such a dull, obvious life, wanted to write a book about it. Wells is the most read, or, rather, talked-about English author; his *table d'hôte*-isms appeal to them as something better than Jules Verne and less erudite than Flamarian. Arnold Bennett would be readable if he knew the first thing about women. This among the intellectuals *aux châteaux*, but the average Frenchman thinks there is no literature in England. Perhaps he is right.

Photograph *Speaight*

"MARIE SETON"

Who has just had published a book of verse and several lyrics, which the Queen has graciously accepted. Mrs. Henry Seton recently lost her husband. "Passing Melodies" contains some sincere work

CHRISTMAS is in the air, for the Englishman—God bless him!—takes Christmas with him wherever he goes—such is his plum-pudding attitude toward life. At Mont Angel the Golf Club is arranging a turkey spread, and pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo will then be at its height. Oh, the birds, the birds! And that reminds me. At the Nice opera Sullivan was singing "Werther." It was a gala. Whatever that may mean it usually implies one's gladest rags. In a first row *loge* a brevity of garment was displayed by a beautiful woman, to which even the well-seasoned Niçois was not equal. The lady got the bird; no mistake about that. "*Allez-coucher!*" was shouted at her from the *Paradis*; but she sat out the ordeal as calmly as though she had been in the seclusion of her bathing-machine. Clothes out here are getting prettier and less.

FEATHERS on shoes make dainty ladies look like winged Mercuries—and monkey furs make many a weighty dame look like the mother-in-law of Tarzan. Handbags of *singe*, with streaks of the desirable white hairs, are quite the *chic-est* thing of the moment, and put the beaded *sac* entirely out of fashion.

BUT it is not all Mammon and delicate impropriety on the Côte d'Azure. There is still the restful Riviera, where the pines incense the night, as at Cap Ferrat. There is the elegant dinner-party of *mon hôte fidèle*, where true wealth, brain, beauty, and appetite consort, preserving the ultimate tone of the thing. There are the flowers of Grasse, still supreme over petrol. And at Nice—how many can say, "J'ai été visiter le vieux Nice"? But its winding alleys are there to be explored and loved for their quaint foreign strangeness—unknown to the man from Cook's—with their circling stairways, their balconies, with potted pine tree and palm—and ropes of miscellaneous laundry. I saw Prince William of Sweden there the other day. If this be good enough to attract a Prince of Sweden it is good enough to charm the less exalted, especially when baccarat has proved a temptation and a snare. At any rate, the real charms of the Riviera still cost next to nothing.

Photograph *Harris Picture Agency*

PRETORIA'S GREETING TO SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

The arrival of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught at Pretoria was welcomed enthusiastically by the townspeople, and they are here seen with the Mayor and Mayoress. The glaring white of the sun is strongly reminiscent of our own recent snowfalls, but what a contrast!

A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL AT THE LYRIC

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

MAGGIE TEYTE

MARTIN IREDALE

THERE is a rich gorgeousness about this production which is of itself a pleasing thing, while the music of Mr. Emmerich Kalman will delight everyone. Incidentally, there is a slight novelty in the plot. As everybody knows, in a musical play, the fellow and the girl who are obviously destined for one another, have a little tiff or something like that in the first act so that they may become as strangers until the curtain at last falls on the completed romance. Here the tiff occurs between two people who are already married, so that nobody can say the story isn't original. It is only fair to say that the tiff is all on one side, as the young man in the case does not know that he is married, and the trouble is going to be sprung on him in due course to his manifest astonishment.

WE have first of all Miss Maggie Teyte as the Princess Julia of Sylvania, sitting on a lovely throne with a glittering crown on her brow waiting for the arrival of Prince Paul of Sarragon, who is to marry her. The marriage has been arranged for purely political reasons—if by any stretch of the imagination politics can ever be called pure—and as is usual in romances of this sort, the fair Princess has never seen her future husband. For all she knows to the contrary, he may be addicted to drink, or to golf, which they say is the worse of the two.

SHE can, therefore, only imagine the kind of chap who has been set down as it were at her chamber door, and as it happens she possesses an extremely successful imagination. That is to say, she dreams happily of the kind of husband she would like and that is just the kind she gets, and as the poet has said, things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, errors and omissions excepted.

MISS TEYTE'S record in the piece is a triumph from the first. Her charming song, "Dreamland Lover," begins a series of successes which punctuate the various features of a very happy evening for everybody. This song is very elaborately mounted since it is supposed to be a prelude to the arrival of the bridegroom, and the bridesmaids are all there with their bouquets and their beautiful frocks, and you can hear behind you the deep sighs of admiration of the ladies in the pit. It's just lovely! The one flaw in the proceedings is the regrettable absence of the bridegroom. Presently, however, a distinguished-looking young man marches into the Throne Room, and just as the ladies have got their glasses levelled critically at him to see what kind of a husband he is likely to make, he is reluctantly obliged to confess that he isn't the Prince at all. No. He is only Captain Posch, the Prince's Equerry, a part played in the best style by Mr. Jack Hulbert, who is one of the chief fun-makers of the evening. The news he brings is, of course, a horrid blow to the Princess, as when a girl has got ready to be married she does so hate to be kept waiting on the doorstep.

LAURI DE FRECE AS BARON BOMBA

CICELY DEBENHAM AND JACK HULBERT

THE dismal truth is then disclosed that the Prince is really not keen on getting married at all. His hobby is yachting. He runs a yacht all by himself somewhere in Holland, and as he is enjoying every minute of the life he is leading, he sees no reason why he should give up a certainty for an uncertainty, as the phrase has it. A transparency at the back of the scene shows us the Prince aboard his yacht. He is in his shirt sleeves, singing and shortening sail, and no doubt keel-hauling the mainbrace at intervals in the good old-fashioned way, and what can a fellow want more than that? Really, the girls seem to value

their alleged attractions a little too highly. But we have to remember that this is a political wedding, and politics are spiky things as you will notice to your sorrow if you try to buy a cigarette or a chocolate drop in the theatre after eight in the evening. Therefore the Baron Bomba, the Lord Chamberlain, a part most divertingly played by Mr. Lauri de Frece, steps forward to show the distinguished company how the Princess can wriggle out of her difficulty. Searching among the State archives he has found that a reigning Princess can, if necessary, be lawfully married by proxy. It isn't as if there were any other girl in the world for the Prince. She is the only one, and it is simply a question of time when he will have to take his medicine. As Captain Posch is present as the Prince's representative, he may serve quite well as the proxy required.

THE ceremony is accordingly proceeded with. The Princess files into the chapel on Posch's arm, and comes out a few moments later legally and completely married to somebody who isn't there. I am a little unskilled in these matrimonial complications, and I may as well show my ignorance before somebody discovers it. If a girl wants to marry you, and failing your consent, marries you by proxy, are you thereafter liable for the cost of her board and lodging? And if you should in the meantime have got married to Another, which of you gets the two years for heartless bigamy? It seems to me that attractive men—I am not speaking of myself just now—have got to watch out for themselves these days. In the second act the title of the play is justified. The Princess having got a husband decides that she ought to keep an eye on him, though that idea isn't new, anyway. So she takes a trip to that part of Holland inhabited by the Prince and his yacht, and gets an engagement as a waitress at the Yacht Club. She becomes in fact a little Dutch girl, and a very attractive one at that. So much so that the Prince who apparently is not yachting *all* the time runs after her with the practised eye of the connoisseur in such matters.

CYNTHIA PEROT AND ELLIOT TAYLOR

AND so the story goes on its pleasant course of mingled humour and charm. The Prince is played by Mr. Martin Iredale, who sings delightfully and very ably seconds Miss Teyte's distinguished efforts in the same direction. Mr. Hulbert who is in charge of the nonsense department keeps his end up with great ability. His elaborate step-dancing is, of course, well-known. It always conveys to me the impression of having been worked out beforehand by algebra or conic sections or something like that, so precise are the complicated steps. But the hit of the evening is his dance with Miss Cicely Debenham, who is a distinct asset on the humorous side of the production. The dance these two perform together provokes much laughter and is well worth the enthusiastic encore it receives.

THERE is the usual "Speciality" dance in the third act, without which no musical play is nowadays complete. This is performed with great *éclat*, and other laudatory French words, by Cynthia Perot and Elliott Taylor and gives an added distinction to an entertainment already in the highest class. Musical plays show no sign of waning popularity, and as long as there are samples of the kind like *A Little Dutch Girl* available, the taste of the public for them is not likely to diminish. JINGLE

LAURENCE CAIRD AS KLAAS, AN INN KEEPER

Fireworks from Fehrenbach

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

IT is probable that the child upon whom the parental sins are being visited hardly appreciates the justice of the process. When it comes to a distant cousin bearing the penalty for the evil-doing of the whole family he is quite likely to rise up and curse the latter, and even announce in the agony-columns that he will not continue to bear the family name or be responsible for its debts.

THE last thing that Prussia wants is to see Cousin Rhineland disown the family relationship, so the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister came to tell the Rhinelander what a really splendid German he was, how they admired his fortitude under suffering, and how sure they were that he never dreamt of disowning them. The Rhinelander is a simple fellow and a bit slow in the uptake, perhaps—but, given time, he is shrewd enough. So, while the carefully selected audience applauded these sentiments heartily, the Rhinelander-in-the-Street began to scratch his head over the newspapers the next day. Of course, he was a very splendid German—although, before the War, he seemed to remember nasty Prussian sneers about "purely Rhenish—partly French," and doubts of the purity of his Germanism. Still, that was a long time ago, and certainly when the War began they had called him a very gallant fellow and given him the loveliest Prussian uniform to wear—until they buried him, when they took it off and gave it to his successor.

AS to his fortitude—why, now they came to mention it, he *was* getting on pretty well with the Britisher—perhaps that was his fortitude—and his sufferings—why, dearie me, as the Minister told him, he must be suffering terribly, with the Hotel Excelsior compelled to house British Headquarters instead of feeding Rhenish lower-quarters—oh! and lots of things he would think of in time.

OF course he wouldn't disown Germany—but, dam' it, they might let a fellow speak for himself. Anyone might think they were afraid he would—Ye-e-s, and a slow, wry smile began to creep over the face of the Rhinelander-in-the-Street. Of course it *would* be rather nasty for Prussia if he were to—but, of course, he didn't dream of it. Still—and he remembered his old grievance that his fertile province, since Prussia took it over in 1812, had provided practically all the revenue which supported that race of maniac, goose-stepping drill-sergeants in the East.

THE Prussian Minister went on to assure him that the German people were not responsible for the War—"Sehr richtig," murmured he—nor was the former government—"Wie?"—nor was the ex-Kaiser! It was at this point that he shouted "Donnerwetter," and thumped his hand on the table with such force as to spill his eight-per-cent. semi-war beer. For even in pre-war days, he had had little love for "Hohenzollern Napoleons," as he, who had suffered once from the Buonaparte variety, called the Kaiser. The latter, indeed, only visited Cologne twice during his reign, and even then there had been nasty remarks in the council-chamber about the expense of entertaining the royal guest. And when that gentleman made his hurried exit from a Belgian health resort to a healthier Dutch one the Rhinelander put a traveller's sample case by his warlike statue on the Hohenzollern Bridge, substituting "Traveller" for "Kaiser" in the mocking legend "Wilhelm der Reislander."

"Hohenzollern Napoleons"

A NEWSPAPER comment that the defence by the Republican Chancellor of a "War-Lord" who had shown exactly the cowardice for which his officers had had many of his soldiers shot, may have expressed more nearly the feelings of the Rhinelander-in-the-Street than the "prolonged and vociferous applause" of that carefully selected audience.

ERIC GORDON

"The carefully selected audience"

By H. L. OAKLEY.

Bairnsfather in Canada

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

No, this is not a daring hold up, merely the local morality and soda-water inspector entering your room at 2 a.m. to insure your abstinence from alcohol

The Spook's Charter

BY FRANK ELIAS

WHEN my old friend Browne told me that he had bought Wraith Castle, I was not deeply stirred except to wonder what a confirmed bachelor, whose life had been lived largely in the city, wanted with a great old place of that kind. But when he asked me to spend Christmas with him I began to sit up and take notice. Wraith Castle is on the Welsh border, in a remote part of the country, and ten miles from a railway station. Presently I turned up a local guide—to discover that Wraith was "Eleventh century, had been in the possession of the Wraith family for a thousand years, and was said to be haunted."

I had hesitated to accept, but this final touch in the guide-book decided me. I went. Wraith is a fine old fabric in the Norman style, and when I approached it in the gathering dusk I was agreeably thrilled and perhaps a little hopeful. But when I mentioned the matter to Browne his face suddenly clouded. It was a large florid face with keen eyes—not at all the face of a man of imagination. And yet, as he answered me, I found myself reconsidering all my settled ideas about my friend.

"Ghosts? No. I'm afraid not——" He broke off.

"You mean," I asked, "that you regret——?"

He smiled uneasily. And then I got the astonishing explanation—the clue to the new revelation of character for which I had been searching.

"Yes—you see, living all one's time in the city, one loses a good deal of romance. And now that I've reached middle life I suppose I'm searching—and well, I find one can't buy——"

"Ghosts, as well as bricks and mortar?"

He nodded. "When I came here I was *assured* by the agent not only that the place was historical but that there were ghosts! But, well, they've flitted." He laughed.

"Perhaps I——" I began.

"What! when *I* can't?" he cried, suddenly scornful. "That's egotism run mad isn't it? No, if I thought you came down here to see spooks, and if I wasn't delighted to see you, I'd say turn about at once. But as I *am* delighted to see you, come along in!"

. . . . .

It was not until we were retiring that the subject came up again—and this time it was Browne who mentioned it.

"Hope you don't mind," he said with a laugh. "But I'm putting you in the Red room. You see I'm not using the whole of the house just yet. Only been in it a month."

"Mind? Why should I mind?"

He paused for a moment. "No reason," he said, then, "except that that is one of the rooms that the agent said was haunted. Not that you need fear. *I've* seen nothing!" He spoke quite wistfully.

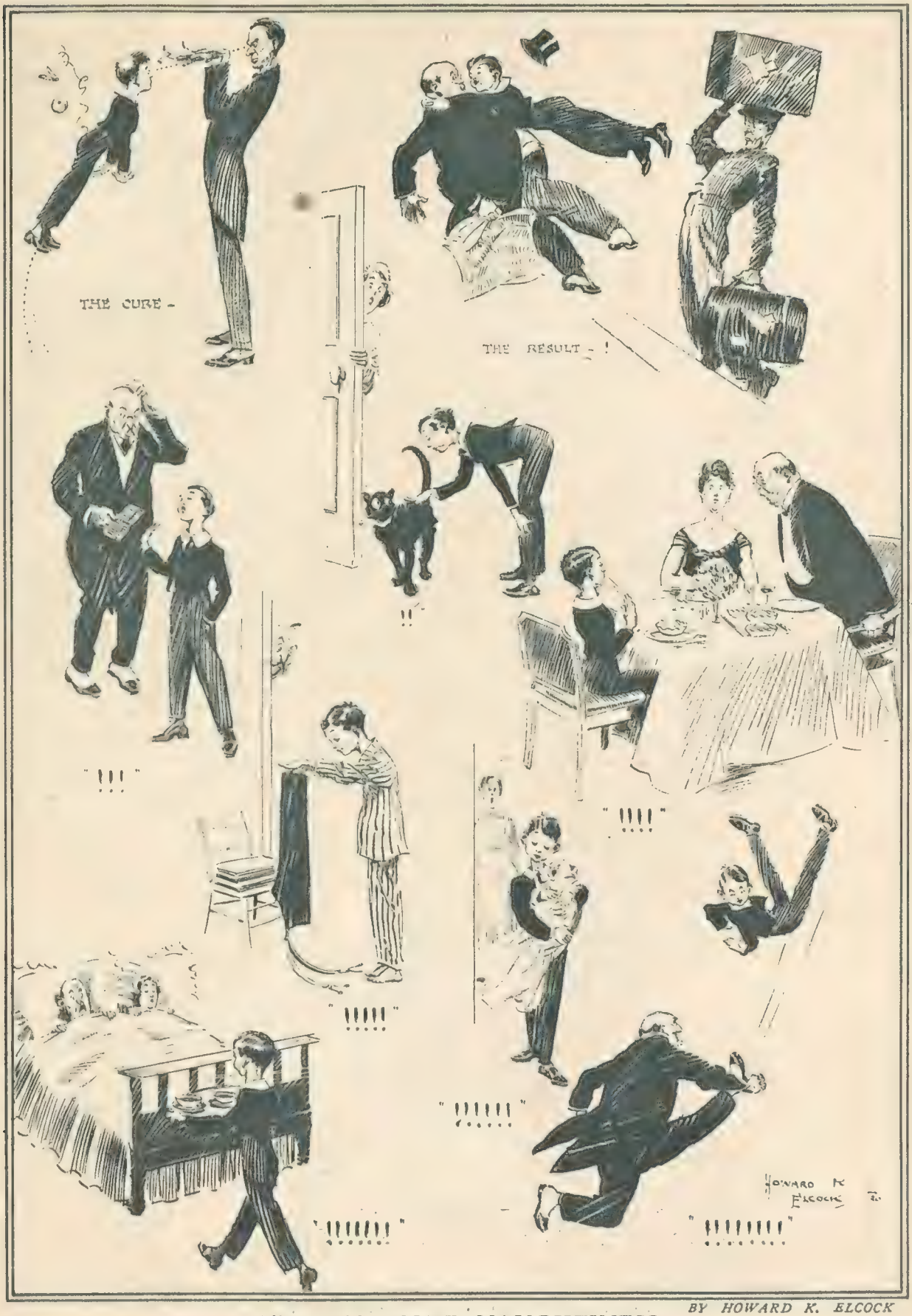
"Perhaps I'll have better luck," I said, gaily. But when he had left me alone in the great gaunt room with its heavy decorations in gloomy crimson, and with its deep shadows in the corners, I don't know that gaiety was my prevailing quality. When I was at last in bed I know that I hesitated long before I turned the light out.

I must have been asleep for some time when I was awakened in the usual way on these occasions—that is to say, I found myself opening my eyes and looking about me without knowing why. I had heard no noise and yet I was sitting up and staring into the darkness. My hair seemed to be erect, my blood frozen. Yet still I could discover no reason for my state of tension. I was about to creep beneath the clothes again when something white seemed,

(*Continued on page 880*)

A TOUCH OF 'FLU'!

By Harry Woolley

"Purity Puerisque"—

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

—OR, NO MORE NAUGHTINESS

Recently parents of public schoolboys were astounded by hearing that their sons had visited "psychic-analysts," on the recommendation of their masters, to cure them of their faults. Our artist makes a few suggestions as to the probable result of this cure

THE SPOOK'S CHARTER (*concluded*)

for a moment, to flit by the window. Rising in horror——

"Stop!" I cried.

For a moment it seemed to sway and then, as if it had decided to hold its ground, it stopped, a gleaming white shape before my eyes.

Summoning all my courage, "Who are you?" I cried.

"I am the ghost of Albert De Wraith."

"The chief ghost of the castle! And so you *are* here after all?"

"Yes, I'm here," he groaned. And then it was that he added the astonishing statement: "But I'm picketing!"

"Picketing?"

"Yes, you may not know it but this house has five ghosts—the White Lady, who haunts the East Terrace; the Old Earl, who has exclusive use of the South Terrace; the Murdered Washerwoman, killed in 1493 by Hugo De Wraith for rusting the steel vizor which he had sent to the laundry; the Purple Jew, and myself. But this year the National Union of Spooks have ordered a strike!"

"And that is why——?"

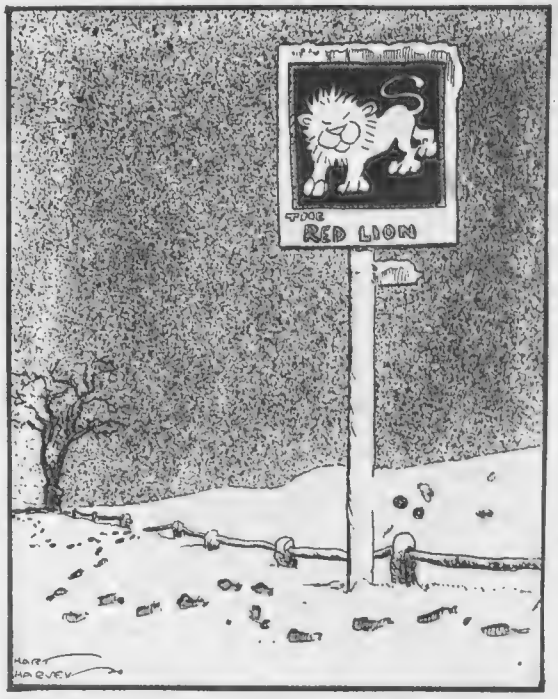
"Why the new owner cannot find any ghosts at work on the premises? Precisely. And until all our demands are conceded he will continue to look in vain! I keep out of his way—do no work for him, and if you were not a visitor you would not be permitted to see me either."

"But why are you striking?" I asked using my most conciliatory tone.

"To remedy our long-standing grievances."

"Which are——?"

"Our employers are the Living; from them—to mention the lesser points first—we ask for Recognition in the Christmas numbers. We had it once. But it has gradually been filched from us. Each year what are called ghost-stories are pushed away more and more to the back of the paper. We ask for Page One again. Next we request that our personal feelings shall be considered. We want respect. At one time Christmas house-parties shivered at a mere mention of us. Now, even a flapper will run out alone to see if one of us is about—the White Lady had a horrid little minx chasing her right round the terrace only the other night.



By Hart Harvey

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE"

"Then we want to be consulted before we are given a new master. Imagine the feelings of a ghost who has been in one employ for, say, eight hundred years when he finds a profiteer in pork set over him suddenly. There's your friend——"

I hastened to assure him that Browne was actuated by the kindest feelings towards his ghostly neighbours, would treat them with the profoundest respect, and would welcome their appearance at any time that was convenient.

"Oh! well, then, I will consider him favourably, but at present he will have to do without my services. All ghost-employers must do that. Which brings me to my—our supreme demand." He seemed to gurgle with mysterious emotions. "Yes, this is our Final Demand—the Abolition of Coercion by Conan Doyle and Oliver Lodge. We say that for the future no ghost shall be dragged from the other world to gratify the curiosity of the Living. If we have business here, as the White Lady has or as I have, well and good, but no compulsion. Let Doyle beware! If——"

. . . . . .

I don't know what followed. What I *do* know is that Browne was looking down at me and asking whether I usually screamed out and woke the house when I had nightmare.

"I've seen the ghost!" I cried.

"Nonsense!" he answered, going on soothingly, "get to sleep. Didn't I say that the local ghosts don't show up nowadays? You'll be telling me next"—he called out as he hurried back to bed, "that you know why they're on strike!"

"Well, as a matter of fact," I began with dignity, "I *do* know!"

But he hadn't waited. F.E.

By Peter Fraser

CHEAP WINES!

Wife: "Hoo aboot takin' hame a drap o' fancy wine—champagne, may be?"

Sandy: "Hoots, woman, ye're clean daft. Ye're makin' a gran' mistak' if ye think I'm gain' tae squander a hail half croon on a bottle o' champagne"

Joie de Vivre

A Study by Horace W. Nicholls

LUGEING IN THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF CHAMONIX

"VANISHIN

G. CREAM "

BY WILMOT LUNT

Far from the Madding—Fog

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT MÜRREN, SWITZERLAND

Do you remember the first thing you did after your arrival in this land of snow-kissed mountains? It is strange, but nearly everybody goes for a walk, just to drink in the crisp air that seems to electrify you with new vitality. In Switzerland nobody knows what it means to be tired.

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin

"Bullier joys revived"

BAL BULLIER JOYS REVIVED

MES AMIS—

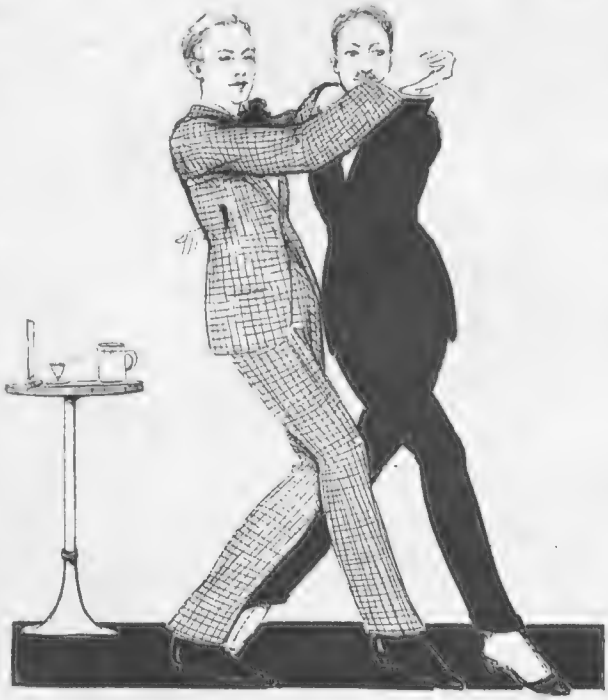
MARCEL and I have thought you would like us to make the *recouverture* of the Bal Bullier for you. So we have made. I do not wish to say it is we alone who have done it. I mean we went there so to be able to tell you about it. And—this I must write in small letters so that he shall not be offended—because Marcel was eager to draw pictures about it, very eager.

YOU see, Marcel is just old enough to have made a figure *chez* Bullier before we had to do the *guerre*. I have the little jealousy of him because, although I was old enough to go, I have not been enough experienced to make a figure. If I am to make a confession I must say I much wish to have been an artist. On account, *bien entendu*, of the models. Should you have seen the way they have approached the artists, especially *mon cher ami*, who puts in a few strokes what it has taken me so many, many lines to say, you have been able to sympathise.

BUT this was after. I must be careful of the contradictions, which are so easy when one is distrait. I have said that Marcel was enthusiastic to make *croquis* of the Bal Bullier. You see, he can sketch his friends better than the unfamiliars. And at Bullier he could expect to be surrounded by his friends of old, and of young. His expectations were not realised at the first. I wish to confess that in my jealousy I was not too sorry. It had put us more on the equality. This was because of the shortage of partners at the commencement.

FOR the first hour there has been such a lack of girls that there have been men dancing together, something I have never before seen in Paris. And, funnily enough, it was because there were so many desirous to come that they have not been able to arrive till late. The crowd at the outside has been so great that it has blocked the doors and made it necessary for the Prefect to send his agents for a *service d'ordre*. Naturally, the ladies have been left at the back when it came to pushing in a crowd. So many of them in the Quartier are enough independent to go unaccompanied, and the Quartier has not yet recovered its *avant-guerre* gallantry.

MOREOVER, it was what is called an *événement Parisien*, and this does not help the *petites* to get to the front. An *événement Parisien* is a happening where you meet all the American journalists, especially the elderly and fat ones, and the English bank clerks and the Dutch stockbrokers, as well as Chinese, Japanese, Rumanians, Lithuanians, Scandinavians, and Uruguayians. Some of them come in their native costumes, which makes it look *bien Parisien!* When the old-fashioned Parisian does read of it some days later—the report having been copied into his morning paper from the London journals—he says, "How *triste!* In my young days, now, that would have been an *événement Parisien*." You see, there never *is* an *événement Parisien*. It is always a *was*, except to the *étranger* and the young. These make the big crowd. It was just thus at Bullier's *recouverture*.



"There have been men dancing together"

MARCEL and I have not wished to push in this great crush, which included so many happy little models, whose lovely faces or richly carved busts have made the fame of artists. We have, therefore,

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

flourished our *coupe-files* before a much-impressed agent, who has made the way for us in great haste. We have had the sorrow that we could not take the *petites* with us, but the agent has said it was *défendu*.

"Les Petites . . . ."

WHEN we are entered we are almost more sorry that we have not waited our turn with the little ones, for it is not much use to have won a way through if you have left all the partners at the outside. In attending, we have made the *grand tour*. We have found that it was not a scrap changed. The big square hall has seemed, perhaps, larger after the *dancings* in the hotels and night restaurants. But the old benches have been there, and the little side boxes, and everything felt like the return to an old home again. Except the dancing! It took some little time to freeze the cold off that.

YOU must remember that Bullier was a *bal populaire*. Among the French Cabinet Ministers, as among the heads of all the highest professions, there are few to whom the name of Bullier does not bring souvenirs of care-free student days. And with the heads, so with the tails. Poor struggling doctors or lawyers in country districts have equal joy in their memories when they read that Bullier has opened its doors once again. Not a few of the present Academicians got their first inspirations and made their first literary or artistic friendships within the cheerful atmosphere of the Bullier ball.

MANY of them were there for the reopening. Keeping a little at the back they looked paternally on the couples who were gracefully passing by, but you could feel that they were seeing other dances and other faces. One *brave* veteran—he must have been quite seventy, but his white beard had all the martial vigour of thirty-five—asked the *chef d'orchestre* for a quadrille. The veteran *chef*, with almost a tear in his eye, gave the promise. A quadrille! How long since he had been asked for a quadrille? There would be difficulty about the music; but for the aid of a tender memory.

"Even the grave little *Japonais* . . . ."

WHEN at last the *petites* have charmed their way past the agents and begun to dance, they have not at first seemed at ease. The *bal*, it must be admitted, was for a long time cold. It had all the sadness of a dancing of Montmartre. The dancers have done their tangos with the gravity that is the characteristic of the "wild life" of to-day. They have never missed a step, and have never had a smile.

THEN something has happened. I have much tried to seize exactly what it was, for it changed the whole *histoire* of the night. I think it must have been when one of the orchestras played a waltz, a real, old waltz. From their seats at the back have come the white-bearded veterans, proudly leading young and pretty partners, and they have waltzed as they used to waltz in the years gone by before dancers adopted the mask of undertakers' assistants.

THEIR dancing has been to them such joy, and soon their astonished partners have been full of joy too. They never lost it. When they have accepted the arms of younger *galants* for a *Bresilien* they have communicated the gaiety, and the vast hall has soon been as cheerful as a Christmas party.

IT was like a few swift touches of cosmetics on the face of a tired woman. A few moments before she had seemed haggard. Now she was young and gay and full of the highest of spirits. Even the grave little *Japonais*, who had come in frock-coat and white spats, had twinkles in his face as he danced with a wondrously beautiful brunette in sea-green.

AND as for Marcel, all his model friends have seemed to find him at once, and if I had not been there to assist he might have been overwhelmed.

ROLAND

Our Peace-Time Navy

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. X.—KEEPING THE SHIP'S COMPANY FIT. ALL HANDS DOUBLING ROUND THE DECK

In The Firmament Stars in the X

Photograph MISS NANCY STUART ["Navana"

Who is going to play lead in "The Babes in the Wood" at the Lyceum Pantomime this Christmas

YOUNGEST ACTRESS MANAGERESS

Phyllis Griffiths is only fourteen, but she is going to produce and act in "Alice in Wonderland" at the Victoria Palace. Her father has made her a present of the entire production

Photograph "Navana"

"ME AND MY DOG"

Dainty Doris will play fair "Alice" in "Dick Whittington" at the Kennington Theatre

# of Pantomime
nas Productions

Photograph *Savony Studios*

A GREAT FAVOURITE

Nellie Briercliffe has distinguished herself in light opera, and further success awaits her in "The Shepherdess Without a Heart," in which she will play the name part

Photograph *Bassano*

MABEL GREEN

This popular young actress will appear as "Dandina" in "Cinderella," to be produced at the Covent Garden Opera House

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

'S-S-S-H!

Miss Julie Lawrence, of Murray's Frolics fame, will appear in "Aladdin" at the London Hippodrome. The number of "stars" in this production, by the way, is quite unprecedented

"The Theatrical Mind"

BY P. BEAUFOY

I ENTERED the gun-shop and asked for a good hefty revolver. The man enquired whether I had a gun-license. I shook my head, whereupon he informed me that I must obtain such a license before he could sell me a revolver. The process of securing the document, he added, was complicated.

To get a license in order that one may kill a man seems a cold-blooded and foolish thing. Immediately I dismissed the idea of destroying Sarpedon by bullet. Pacing the Strand, I pondered the possibilities of knives. . . . Ugh! They made a mess. Besides, I wasn't at all sure that I would possess the concentration of mind to drive home the weapon.

The man, however, had to be punished. For Sarpedon, acting-manager of the Minerva Theatre, had done me a hideous wrong.

I sought my solicitor, who had known my father, but did not bear me any grudge in consequence. I told him my story. He pursed up his lips, as, I believe, all good solicitors do in these circumstances.

"You have certainly been very badly treated," he declared. "And I am willing to admit that in other ages such an injury could only have been wiped out in—er—blood. But *tempora mutantur*, you know," he added, quickly. He made a false quantity, but I didn't correct him for fear that he might charge for the erratum in the bill.

"Well, what do you advise?" I asked. The minutes were passing, and the brain of a good solicitor as regards fees is like a taximeter run mad. . . .

Again he repeated the process of pursing his lips.

"My dear, good sir," he observed, "I don't think you could very well bring the affair into the courts. It is too intimate a matter to be discussed in public, and you might not get a verdict. Juries are funny people."

Suddenly he brightened.

"Look here," he said, "why not see the man and ask him what reparation he is willing to make. It is quite possible he might propose something."

This seemed quite a good suggestion.

"Thanks!" I said. "I'll drive to the theatre at once."

I found the villain looking calm and unabashed. I pitched into him violently—called him all the names I could remember out of my military vocabulary—and finally I said:

"You have done me a pretty rotten sort of injury. You admit it, I suppose?"

He bowed his head, sorrowfully.

"I admit it," he replied.

"What do you propose to do about it?" I asked.

He shook his head. The question was difficult to answer. He sat in profound thought. At length I saw illumination in his eyes. All doubts had, apparently, vanished. He had found a way out.

"Well?" I said, breathlessly.

He took from his waistcoat pocket a pencil and a card.

"Do you prefer stalls or circle?" he enquired, sweetly!

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

"HARK THE 'HERALD' ANGELS SING"

The "Waster's" Adieu

(Still anxiously awaited by John Bull)

After Scott

A CHEERY lot was mine, old bean,
A cheery lot was mine,
When spending was a mere routine
And no one dared to whine.
The Rates shot up, the Income-Tax
Went soaring in the blue,
To find the money (sacks and sacks)
I daily spent for you,
Dear John,
I gaily spent for You!

The time has come when we must part—
Economists all say
Old England will be in the cart
Unless I go away.
But when you've made another "pile,"
Though hidden from your ken,
I shall be waiting with a smile
To spend it all again,
Dear John,
To spend it ALL again!

E. L. ROBERTS

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

GOT 'EM!

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

NOTHING DOING!

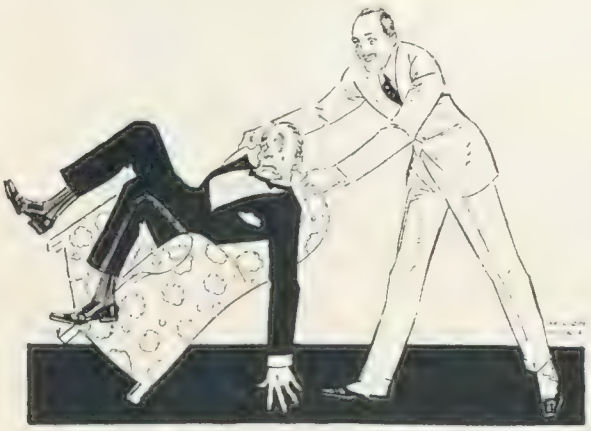
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *December* 20

DEAR COUSIN—

CHRISTMAS week . . . and we've just *got* to be happy, somehow, somewhere, and no, not somewhen, but all the time. *À bas les pessimistes*, forward with the Yule log (at about £3 per ton), and on with the dance (price one guinea or so a head). We take our pleasures dearly in England now, but, after all, this if ever is absolutely *the* time above all others to revel recklessly and *ad lib.*, and hang the expense.



"À bas les pessimistes"

FOR one thing, there isn't much else to do at Christmastime, is there? Try and economise, and you're foiled at every turn. Special Christmas prices everywhere, whether you stay in town or go out of it. Meals at restaurants enhanced beyond the dreams, taxi-drivers, porters, etc., all expecting seasonable tips, coast hotels profiteering to the *nth*—so you may just as well draw that big cheque and be prepared to spend right up to the last penny of it, looking pleasant and Christmassily good-humoured the while. After all, life's short, and Martha, sister of Mary, had no honour in her own country, or any other, so far as I can discover.

卐 卐

JUST one of the very few customs that positively refuse to die out, Christmas is, isn't it? And spite of cynical sneers and superior gibes seems to be surviving and going as strong as ever, even in these materialistic days, what? Partly, perhaps, because it really does come at a sort of season when we're rather more than usually inclined to a policy of peace and goodwill, and all that sort of thing.

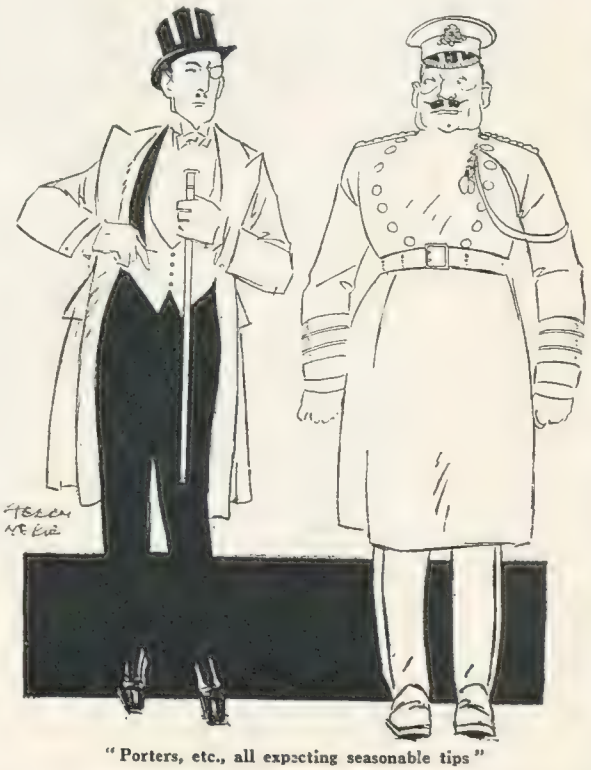
卐 卐

I MEAN, when the sun shines and the sky is blue and the trees are green and the birds sing, and Nature is soft and gentle and kind, life's so lovely in itself that one can almost bear to live it quite independent and alone, without any help from one's fellow-man (or woman). But when everything's grey and black, and Nature seems dead, and the blasts bite and cold pinches and darkness depresses—then we feel, somehow, much more matey and inclined to huddle together, so to speak, and gather sociably round the inglenook in a sort of Brotherhood of Man (and Woman), united to ward off and beat away from us the pressure of gloomsome thoughts, of the kind of wintry philosophy which makes us sadly and dolefully (and, after all, quite uselessly) reflect how, as the poet puts it:

Hoping we know not what,
Fearing the thing that's not,
Grieving for something past,
Knowing no thing will last,
Seeking the grace that goes—
Love like a falling rose,
Pleasure like melting snow—
Wasting and fretting,
Missing, forgetting,
Out to the dark we go.

卐 卐

BUT *à bas* such thoughts, as I said before, and let's go really and genuinely a-Christmassing. Let's forget that there's anything black in the background, and just let ourselves go for once with wine and song, and golf and dancing, and all the rest of it. Let's wipe off the slate all the memory of all the worries that have been and the foreboding of the cares that are to come. Let's be, in fact, for a little while, what we quite possibly were originally meant to be—just human beings freed from the network of our myriad artificial ties gradually accumulated in the centuries, content to breathe the air and have our *peu d'amour* and *peu de haine*, our *peu de rêve*, and



"Porters, etc., all expecting seasonable tips"

peu d'espoir (and perhaps rather more than *un peu* of the more material comforts of the season), without any afterthought of the little things that mean nothing but really cause all the troubles of the world.

卐 卐

THERE are some things, all the same, that I don't think we ought to forget, even in the general amnesty and oblivion of Christmas-time. And one above all the men who fought for us in that War which recedes into an ever-dimmed and dimmer distance (except for us who remember), and who, many hundreds and even thousands of them, are still without . . . what? No, not the crown of laurel leaves of pure beaten gold of which we once thought them worthy, or the rich pensions for life that we all agreed would be infinitely below their deserts. To tell the horrid and brutal and disagreeable truth, these men are, some of them, actually without mere ordinary jobs, the kind that bring in the mere ordinary bread and butter of mere ordinary daily life. In fact (not to put too fine a point on it), rather near what is sometimes (rather sensationally) called "starving."

"Christmissily Goodhumoured"

卐 卐

Missing, forgetting,
Out to the dark we go. . . .

BUT not, I hope, missing or forgetting this? We haven't really forgotten, have we; we couldn't even really forget, could we, how certain young, and even (towards the end) oldish, men faced simply frightful horrors across the water just to save us from being absolutely done in and put under the heel of the horrid Hun? —and only those who know him well can realise all that *that* would have meant.

卐 卐

IT'S proposed, *on dit*, to raise M.P.'s salaries from £400 to £1,100 a year—and I'm sure they deserve it, dear things, with all the boring (other people's) speeches they have to listen to. And a doubled screw for the P.M., and a £5,000 a year minimum for all the Cabinet. Well, you know, dear cousin, in the end you and I'll have to pay for it? Shall us? Let's. But . . . .

BUT . . . just *before* the politicians get their rise for all their excellent work at home, might your Blanchette just suggest that the men who after all did rather bear the heat and burden of the day, and did do rather nasty coarse, rough things like bombing and bayoneting and facing death every moment and sleeping amid snow and mud and so on, should have also their little minimum salary? Nothing like the men who stayed at home, of course. No five thousand pounds or anything like that. But, say, five hundred? Or three hundred? Or even two? Some of them didn't seem to be able to collect even that.

卐 卐

BUT don't, whatever happens, let us be bitter. After all this is Christmastime, the season of peace and goodwill. And lately, too, everything has conspired to make us feel Christmassy. We've even had frost and snow, which generally wait till about March to make their appearance. And with London, or anyway its outskirts, a Christmas card fairyland, how can one think any but beautiful thoughts?

"Facing death every moment"

卐 卐

A DEAD stillness in the air. Everywhere all around, as far as one can see, a soft peaceful whiteness. Boughs clustered with clinging white flakes, roads re-metalled and ringing with the crisp frozen snow that seems to add a new spring and joy to life. Tobogganing pouring down the roads instead of cars or motors—a sort of foretaste in little of the raptures of winter sports in Switzerland, which are surely the loveliest and clearest draught out of the vintage of life that ever mortal could hope to attain.

卐 卐

TO-DAY, perhaps, there is a thaw. The trees weep, the roads are a mass of melancholy slush. But at least we *have* seen eye to eye, just once more before we die, our world dressed up and clean and clear and fresh, a world of whiteness and of the winter snow that covers a multitude of sins.

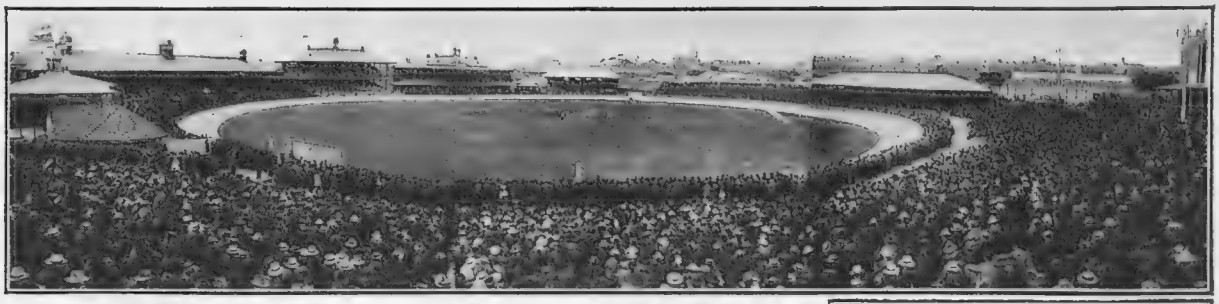
With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Anywhere But In England Now!

BY J. B. OAKLEY

SOME IMPRESSIONS IN SILHOUETTE BY OUR ARTIST IN CAIRO



THE CRICKET GROUND AT SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Where the first of the present series of Test Matches between England and Australia began at the end of last week. The picture gives a good idea of the splendid accommodation for spectators afforded by this great rival to our own historic Oval

Sports & Pastimes

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Oxford on Top Again

THE critics (self included) experienced a rude shock when Oxford beat Cambridge in the "Rugger" match; they experienced a still ruder one when, four days later, on the same ground, Oxford gained another surprise victory in the "Soccer" match. In the latter case I derive some satisfaction for having predicted in THE BYSTANDER that the Oxford defence would take a lot of beating. It did. It was, in fact, the masterly defence of Barber and Ward at back and of Whinney in goal—one of his "saves" was quite marvellous—which turned the scale in their side's favour. In front of them we saw very little achieved by concerted action or clever manœuvring: the idea was to keep the ball well on the move in the direction of the Cambridge goal in the hope that at the psychological moment somebody would be there to send it home. These tactics have their merits when exploited by heavy and industrious forwards who are not easily shifted.

Cambridge's Shortcomings

THE Cambridge attack, on the other hand, was developed on more scientific lines, but much of its efficacy was spoilt by lack of variety. Nearly always did the forwards essay to advance by means of the three-inside game, with the result that the Oxford backs could afford almost to ignore the two eager young men who were there ready to play their part on the wings. Moreover, it is essential to the three-inside game that all the three people concerned should be "up." But although the two Ashtons, "H." and "G.," kept up with each other Doggart persistently hung back. Even as it was their attacking power was greater than that of Oxford, but this advantage was counterbalanced by the skill of the Oxford backs. The result was a very hard, even, and exciting game, but it could not by any stretch of imagination be called a great one. 'Varsity "Soccer" has still a lot of leeway to make up.

Photographs *Spec.al Press*

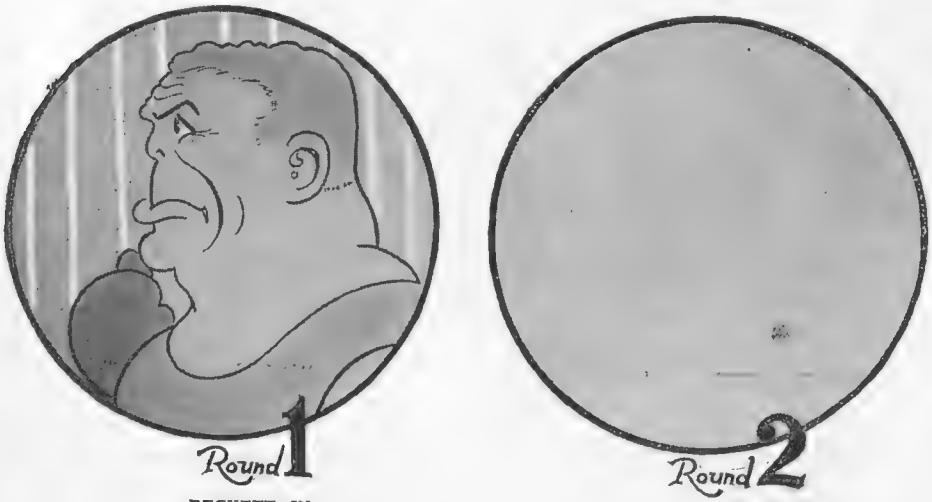
W. W. ARMSTRONG
Captain of the Australian Eleven. He recently established a fresh batting record for the two highest innings in one match by scoring 157 in the first and 245 in the second innings of Victoria *v.* South Australia

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Nationality Question

As surely as the International trials come round so surely does the question of the qualification of this player or that, or even of several players, to play for a given country crop up also. It has become a hardy annual, upon which people who are addicted to airing their views in the correspondence columns of the papers fasten with avidity. Last year it was Hammett whose qualification to play for England was the fashionable topic. This year he is probably going to play for England again, but the people now in fashion are the South Africans resident (more or

(Continued on page 89)



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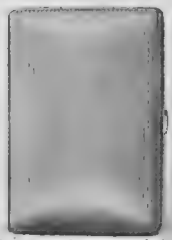

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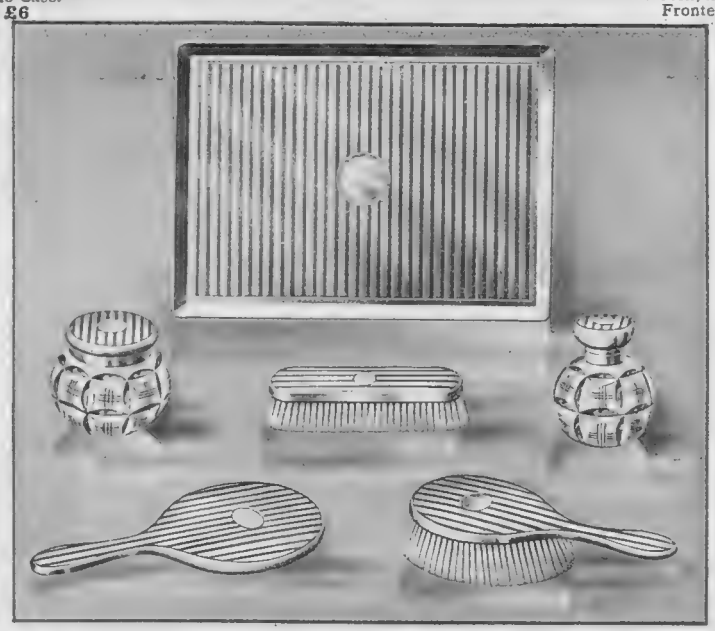

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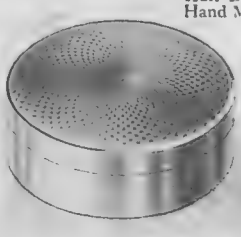

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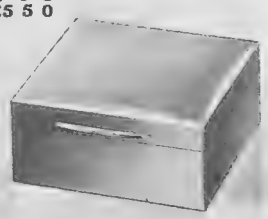

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

less temporarily) in Great Britain. The question is, of course, one which you can argue until you are black in the face, because the Unions have always steadfastly, and wisely, no doubt, refused to be bound by any hard and fast definition of what constitutes nationality of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales. Their aim has been to get the best men they could without doing violence to the canons of good taste and good sportsmanship. And who can say that they have not succeeded passably well? No one has yet discovered a really satisfactory definition of nationality.

LAWN TENNIS

Custody of the Laws

THE majority of English lawn tennis players will probably feel relieved that England will retain, for the time being, at any rate, her right to alter the laws of the game. That is the effect of a decision come to by a well-attended annual general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association last week. I rather hoped (as will have been gathered from views already expressed by me in these columns) that the proposal to hand over the custody of the laws to the International Federation would be definitely rejected. As it is its advocates are free to bring it up again, and will, doubtless, do so. But their chances of success will be slender unless they can get America to join the Federation, from which she at present stands aloof. Last week's meeting had obviously little use for a "uniform" code of laws to which America has yet to subscribe.

Photograph Topical Press

E. A. MONTAGUE (Magdalen, Oxford)

First man home in the Inter-'Varsity Cross-Country Race, which was won by Oxford by 21 points to 34. He will be first string of the combined team of Oxford and Cambridge in the cross-country race against Cornell (Inter-Collegiate Champions of the U.S.A.) which is to be held at Roehampton on December 30

That Swinging Foot

THE proposed new footfault law was also "referred back"—and for a similar reason. Our present footfault law does not differ materially from the corresponding American law; but the one which will not—for some time, at any rate, if ever—replace it, does. What is more, the Americans have told us pretty plainly that they don't like it. And so the meeting would have none of it. Meantime, we are, apparently, as far off as ever we were from the discovery of a really satisfactory and workable footfault law, and umpires will have to continue, at the risk of making themselves unpopular, to grapple with the problem of the swinging foot as best they can. H. S. S.

"—and what a smart velvet collar, too."

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She's a "Powder Puff" and a "Chinese Boy,"
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R.H.

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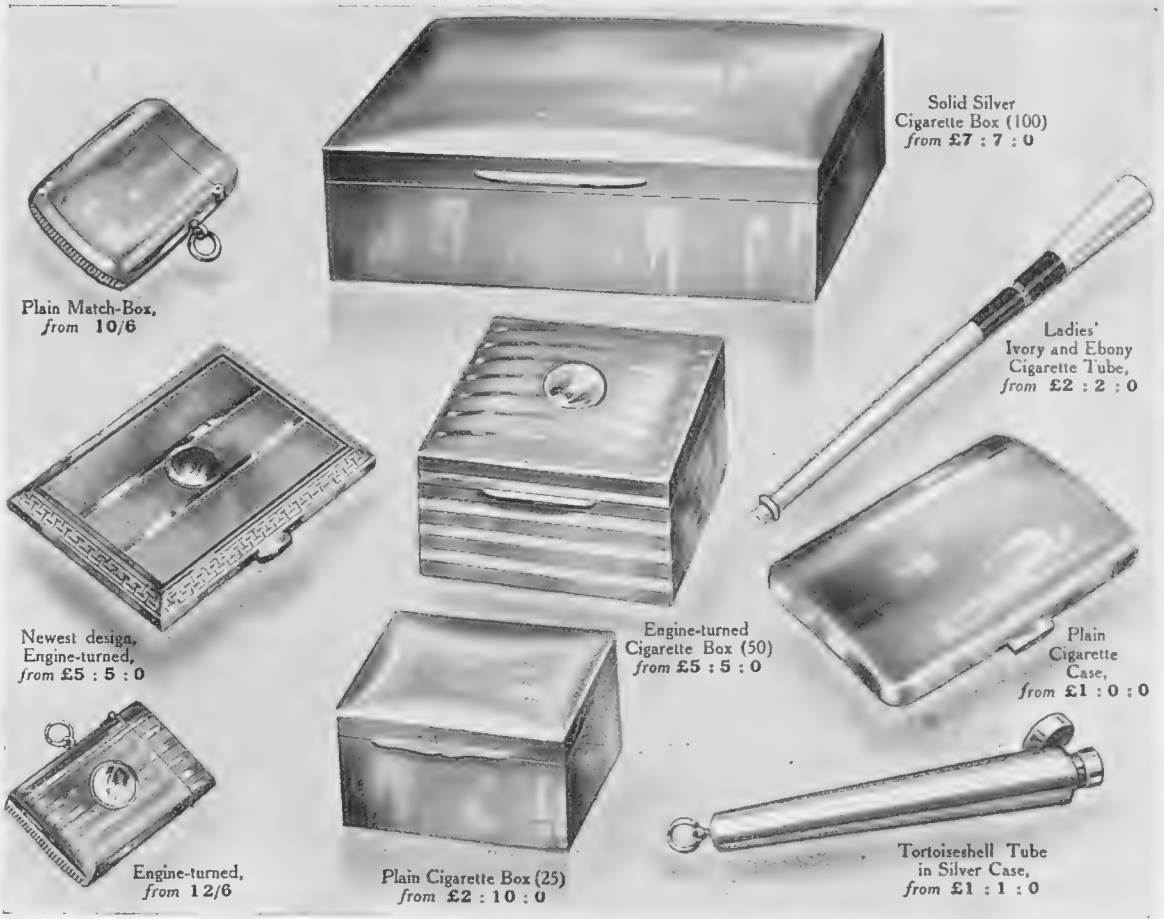

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A.J.O.

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Gentlemen Riders

RATHER fresh ground is broken by "The Tout" this week in giving us his impression of Lord Burghersh, one of the younger school of gentlemen riders. I fear we are not so well off for good mateur jockeys as we were before the War, which is not surprising when we sadly recall how many gallant riders made the great sacrifice in France and elsewhere. Normally there should be plenty of keen youngsters coming on, and I hope to see a good turn-out at the coming military meetings. The Royal Army Service Corps, well satisfied with the results of their gathering at Sandown Park last winter, have arranged another meeting for next February. General Sir Travers Clarke is giving a challenge cup for the Corps, and there are a number of races open to the Services which look like filling well. The Grand Military has been fixed for March 11 and 12, and promises to be a big success.

Wavertree

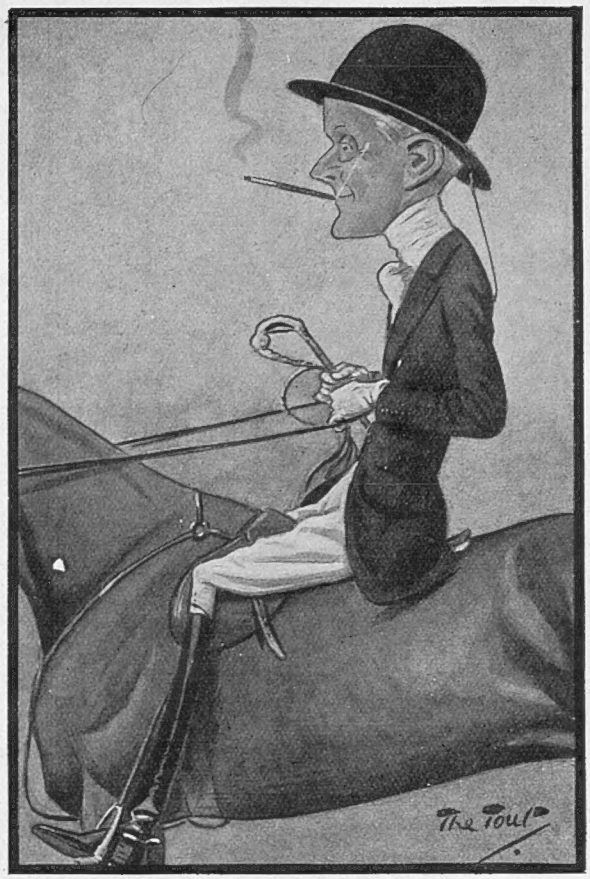
MR. FRED WITHINGTON was naturally very delighted when Wavertree got the better of that thrilling steeplechase at Sandown Park just before the cold snap. He has always been a believer in the horse, though there have been times when his confidence in him must have been sorely tried, for Wavertree has never really accomplished anything big. Once more Mr. Withington is hopeful that he will win the Grand National. He says the horse is sure to stay the distance, though I am still doubtful whether he can jump the Aintree country. Mr. Withington is now training at Bicester; no trainer is more popular in National Hunt sport, and his friends would dearly like to see him win another National. You may remember that he was first and second twelve years ago with Rubio and Mattie Macgregor.

French 'Chasers

EARLY next month entries are to be made for the greatest race of the cross-country season, and the event will soon be the subject of general discussion in racing circles. Several French horses are sure to be entered, and we cannot afford to treat them lightly. Immediately after the War the French jumpers were of mediocre quality, with the result that Troytown was able to win the big steeplechase at Auteuil and St. Tudwal the chief hurdle race there. But our neighbours have a much better lot of horses to-day, and neither Troytown nor Poethlyn could win at Auteuil last summer. The French champions would seem to be Coq Gaulois and Heros XII. The owner of the latter is said to intend running him at Aintree. What are the odds against France producing another Lutteur III this season?

Always

IN spite of the death of Troytown and the retirement of Poethlyn I think we shall have plenty of good jumpers to match against any champions the Frenchmen may send to Liverpool. I have a great opinion of the Irish-bred Always, now being trained at Bangor by Mr. Stanley Harrison. As Jack Anthony cautiously remarked to me after riding the horse at Aintree in the autumn, we have yet to see whether he can stay the tremendous Grand National course. I perceive no substantial reason why he should not do so. We can safely assume that the fences will have no terrors for this brilliant young jumper, and I regard him as a likely winner. I hear, by the way, that Southsea, of whose Grand National prospects the Irishmen thought so highly, twisted a leg in a gallop last month. That is why he was not sent with Southampton to Robert Gore's stable. I hope he will get over the trouble all right, for they say he is a nailer.



BY "THE TOUT"

"THE BURGIE"

As a sportsman of the younger generation, Lord Burghersh, who is the eldest son of the Earl of Westmorland, is a popular figure with the Cottesmore and Belvoir, where he is affectionately known to his intimates by the above abbreviation. A conspicuous figure at Hunt balls, he is also an accomplished performer on the side drum

A Few Selections

AT the moment of writing the country is in the grip of an exceptionally cold spell, and the Sandown Park people were lucky to bring off their meeting just before the snow fell. Perhaps cross-country prospects will be looking brighter by the time these pages reach you, and so I venture upon a few selections. At Hurst Park on Wednesday the Hurst Hurdle Handicap may be won by **Ardavon** and the Strawberry Hill Hurdle Race by **Golly Eyes**. On the second day **Southampton** may carry his penalty to victory in the Victory Steeplechase.

The LITERARY LOG . . .

Rolled by RALPH STRAUS

WHEN you are told, as I was, and by a man whose literary opinion is to be trusted, that a certain new book is the most extraordinary first novel of the year, you metaphorically prick up your ears. In this case the book was *The Happy Highways* (Heinemann: 9*s.* net), by Miss Storm Jameson. Well, Miss Jameson has certainly written an extraordinary book, but it is not a novel or anything like it. It is, rather, a new species of lecture, very fierce and didactic and lively and young—all about life and love and London University students and a new order of things. There is, I suppose, the germ of a story, but it is thrust on your attention only when there comes a little break in the lecture.

⁂ ⁂

NOW, it is only fair to say that the scope and purpose of a novel is one of those vexed questions—like the difference between poetry and prose—which continue to worry the critics. Miss Jameson could probably make out a case for herself and win hands down, for she is a mightily clever lecturer, with a pretty sense for the right word and a natural inclination for truly rhythmical writing. But I will hazard a guess that most of her readers will forget, after a chapter or two, that *The Happy Highways* is issued as a novel and settle down to enjoy a stimulating lecture. Regarded thus, the book demands careful reading. It is packed full of hot scorn for the things that should not be. It bangs about abruptly, though not chaotically, from this matter to that. It introduces you to a little *coterie* of hot-headed youngsters. Its one mistake is a Duke who does not seem true. And it is not wholly destructive. If the war had not come the lecture might have gone on for another three hundred interesting pages. (Indeed, now that the War is over, and we are becoming used to the vagaries of communism and the proletariat and things of that sort, there is nothing to stop Miss Jameson from doing something of the kind.)

By Hesketh Daubeny

GOURMANDS

"I say, old thing, don't you wish you were twins?"

THAT first-rate historical investigator, Mr. Horace Bleackley, seems definitely to have given up his biographical work, and turned his attention to fiction. Four or five novels have appeared since his *Life of John Wilkes*. But a man who has spent so much energy and time in careful research can be trusted to make good use of his work, even if fiction becomes his sole medium. And so in *The Monster* (Heinemann: 9*s.* net) you have an historical tale of a kind that is of peculiar interest to-day. For more than a hundred years now Lancashire has played a part in the industrial development of England which no other county can match, and in *The Monster* (fit symbol for the grim cotton mill, with its octopus-arms), Mr. Bleackley traces the rise to great wealth of a workhouse apprentice and his family.

⁂ ⁂

WHILE Napoleon was still the children's bogey, young Robert Willoughby is taken from London to work in a Lancashire mill, and learns what work is. When his own son, Stephen, is old enough for the mill the Monster is not, perhaps, so inhuman as it was, but it is no less voracious. And when Stephen's son Robert returns from Cambridge to carry on in his father's place men like Assheton have done much to prevent that appalling overwork of young children which makes of the history of cotton-manufacture a tragedy. But if *The Monster* gives Mr. Bleackley the chance of writing history in a delightful guise, it also allows him to spin a love-yarn of no common order. You can understand that during a century's progress everybody is not going to be equally pleased. There are even things called strikes and lock-outs. And Stephen's life-long battle with the philanthropic Assheton leads to complications. It is a good, solid piece of work, this bit of honest Lancashire yarning, and if Mr. Bleackley refuses to write more erudite books, may he continue to give us such thoughtful novels as *Anymoon* and *The Monster*.

Christmas Gift Books

Cassell and Company, Ltd., have issued a batch of capital gift books suitable for boys and girls of all ages. Among them may be mentioned the famous *Chums* Yearly Volume (12*s.* 6*d.* net), *Cassell's Children's Annual* (7*s.* 6*d.* and 6*s.* net), *The British Boy's Annual*, and *The British Girl's Annual* (7*s.* 6*d.* net each). *Little Folks* Christmas Volume (7*s.* 6*d.* and 6*s.* 6*d.* net), the young people's favourite; the *All About* Series (7*s.* 6*d.* net each), dealing fully with subjects such as aircraft, engines, inventions, discoveries, etc.

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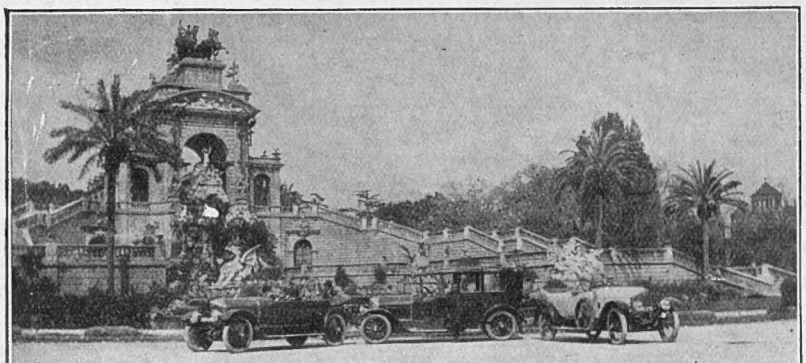


MOTOR NOTES

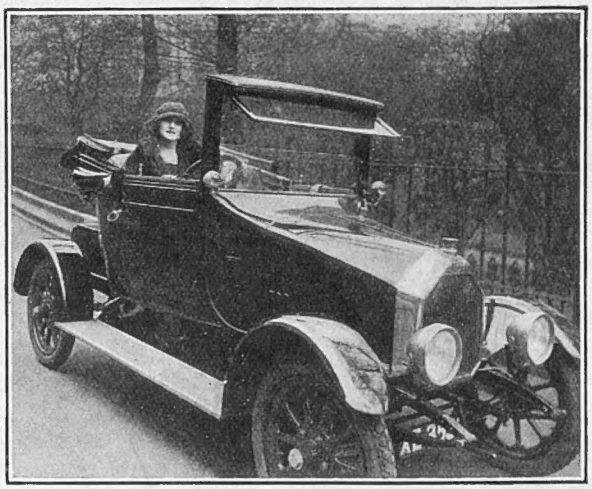
IN BARCELONA

Three R.F.C. model Crossley motors photographed outside the entrance to the Park

THERE are some funny questions asked at times in the House of Commons which usually receive inadequate replies, but I wonder why the subject of glaring headlights was not answered by the Government's representative by telling his inquirer that all motorists that met glaring headlights approaching them had only to shut one eye to practically counteract any effect of the strong light. Perhaps it is not dignified enough to say "wink your eye" when a glare is upon you, but it is actually a fact that if one eye is closed until the approaching nuisance is past you can see quite well. For the retina of the eye that is shut is not affected by the passing glare, and so on reopening the optic the road and objects on it can be plainly seen instead of the usual black wall of blindness which happens if both eyes are left open after excessive headlight glare. Therefore, motorists, cultivate a wink for night driving, but only for this purpose, mind you! or you may get well told off. It is the fog nowadays that is really the trouble, and we have had a lot of that lately. Thin pale pink silk or pink paper inside the head-lamp glass fronts help to give a better light if you do not happen to have gold reflectors to your lamps, but though these penetrate fog better than silvered ones, the pink screen assists these considerably. But, bless your hearts! Fog is nothing to the new regulations that we poor motorists will have to mug up before January 1 if we want to keep out of jail, as far as I can see. But just for a start, ask your nearest post office for your "registration of car" form and get to work on it at once, or else sure enough, you will have to come before the Beak on New Year's Day.

* *
*

TALKING round the fireside the other evening someone started the topic that it was a funny thing that motorists suffered more from tyre punctures in winter than in the summer-time. Perhaps that is why the Dunlop Rubber Company are now marketing a new form of push-on pump connection, which meets the difficulties often experienced by car-owners to obtain an accurate fit upon the various types of inner tube valves. But whether tyres give out more in the winter because the roads are cut up by the traffic, owing to the frost rendering the surface more brittle on account of the expansion of such moisture in it when frozen, or whether after a thaw the horses that have been shod for the frost still have the same roughed shoes on, which play the deuce on the wet roads, no one could quite decide. Anyway, this subject kept going as long as the whisky lasted, if nobody was much wiser at the finish. Be the cause whatever it may, this Dunlop valve connection, anyway, saves some of the personal suffering in the cold when having to pump up one's tyres, as this connection is entirely independent of thread pitch of the valve, as it fits by the compression of a flexible rubber tube caused by a sliding ring on a split collar that gives it an accurate fit to every tyre valve. Also, there is nothing to wear out or get out of order, so a few pence spent to purchase it saves lots of worry for many years.



Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS IVY CLOSE AND HER 10 H.P. HUMBER

OWNERS of Austin cars and others will be glad to know that the financial side of that factory is well provided for, as not only has the million they wanted turned up all right, but production and orders are going strong. In fact, I do believe the motor-making industry is just about turning that nasty corner commonly called "slump," because paucity of vocabulary by the multitude does not know how better to term it. The Darracq Companies, too, show a wonderful profitable balance-sheet, thanks to those financial wizards, Mr. James Todd and Mr. Huntly Walker, who have a knack of turning things into gold, and the selling value of the cars themselves. Anyway, we are going to see three Darracq cars, two Talbots, and two Sunbeams compete for the French Grand Prix Motor Race in the coming year, and I am sorry that Vauxhalls won't be able to send a team also to uphold the British prestige into this world-famous road race.

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FOR that reason I do hope that, by hook or by crook, the Society of Motor Manufacturers will support the Royal Automobile Club in their efforts to run a road race in the Isle of Man this next spring or autumn. Honestly, the motor trade gets free publicity only in racing competitions of this character, and for the Isle of Man event the trade get their names before the public for a whole month while practising for the race, and for a week or so after the result. Personally, I should like to see only one car of each make compete in the Isle of Man race, so as to reduce the expense as much as possible, and these are the cars I hope to see entered. Beginning at the A's, there are the A.C., the Albert, the Ashton, and the Autocrat. For the B's the small Beardmore and the Briton, whose companies in the C's are many, namely, the Calcott, the Calthorpe, the (Eric) Campbell, and the Charron-Laycock. The Douglas, the Deemster, the Duplex, the Dawson for the D's; the Galloway, the Hampton, the Hillman, the Humber, the Mackenzie, the Meteorite, the Morris Oxford, the Riley, the Singer, the Standard, the Swift, the Westwood, the Whitworth, the Wilton, and the Wolseley, with the Zephyr for the rest of the alphabet. Here are thirty 10-12 h.p. cars that should manage to provide between them 300,000 motorists with suitable carriages, but many of them have not the amount of business they ought to have, because plenty of people don't know of their existence, and those that do don't know enough of their road capabilities which such a race would inform them. So here's hoping. OLD HY.